

# MODERN

# COMICS

SEPTEMBER

No. 89

10¢

WALL  
COMICS  
I.C.D.  
9

**BLACKHAWK**  
upsets the deadly  
**FEAST of  
JUGAR!**







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



BOYS! here's great news!

# ANNOUNCING: An amazing new game

turns OUTDOOR action  
into INDOOR thrills

IT'S A  
**FENCE  
BUSTER**

## ELECTRIC BASEBALL



CLOSE PLAYS LIKE  
THIS ARE BROUGHT  
INDOORS BY  
ELECTRIC BASEBALL



IT'S TOO BAD WE  
HAD TO CALL THE  
GAME BECAUSE  
OF DARKNESS!

OKAY, TOM! YOU'VE GOT  
US HERE! NOW ADMIT  
YOU WERE KIDDING.  
WHEN YOU SAID WE'D  
FINISH THE  
GAME IN  
YOUR HOME!

NOT AT ALL! WE CAN  
CONTINUE THE PLAY  
ON THIS ELECTRIC  
BASEBALL GAME!

SAY,  
THAT LOOKS  
SHARP! LET'S  
PLAY!



MAN ON 2 NO AND 3RD--  
A HIT MEANS TWO RUNS  
IF YOU'RE FAST ON THE  
TRIGGER BAT, YOU'LL WIN!

STRIKE  
HIM OUT,  
TOM!

I WANT TO PLAY THE  
WINNER! THAT'S THE  
BEST LOOKING GAME  
I'VE SEEN!

WATCH MY  
FAST BALL!

YOU HAVE TO "SWING"  
THE BAT AT THE RIGHT  
SPLIT SECOND AND  
KEEP TRACK OF  
STRIKES, BALLS,  
HITS, OUTS, RUNS,  
INNINGS, ETC!

PLAY BALL--  
I'M ALL  
SET!

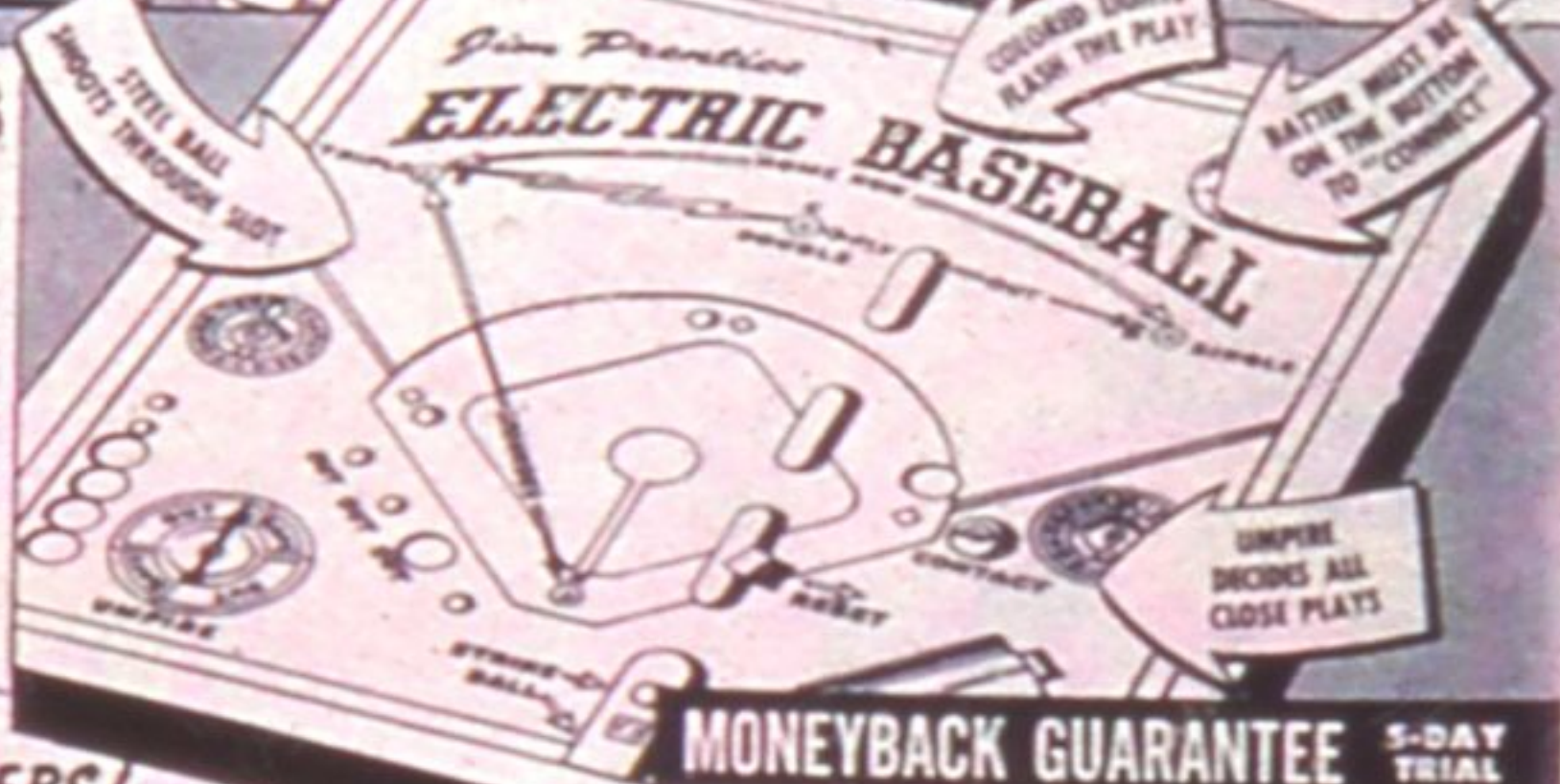
SCIENTIFIC, YET  
AS EXCITING AS  
CAN BE!

### SPECIAL \$3

If you act fast

The 1949 Varsity Model Electric Baseball Game is an outstanding value at the delivered price of \$3. Hurry—send for your game—right now. Games come complete with long-life battery, tested miniature lamps, ready to play. Big 14 x 16 Ponderosa Pine frame encloses the maze of wires, soldered connections, and the mechanical bat, topped by the colorful water repellent playing diamond.

WE PAY POSTAGE...  
MONEYBACK GUARANTEE  
5 DAYS' TRIAL



STEEL BALL  
SHOOTS THROUGH SLOT

COLORFUL LIGHTS  
FLASH THE PLAY

BATTER MUST BE  
ON THE BUTTON  
TO "CONNECT"

UMPIRE  
DECIDES ALL  
CLOSE PLAYS

### Hi, FELLERS!

Get busy. Be first to own this famous Electric Baseball Game. Have your chance over for some fun, REAL FUN—for the electric lights and trigger bat capture the excitement of big league baseball; play by play. Lamps flash as the ball smashes into the "electric brain." Good baseball sense helps to win. You'll learn smart baseball easily. The more you play, the more you'll want to play. Produced by the makers of the "World's biggest selling Baseball and Football game, because they are Electric." Endorsed by parents, famous coaches, sports writers and boys who love baseball.

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HOLYOKE, MASS.

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City and Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

#### VARSITY MODELS

☐ Electric Baseball \$2.00

☐ Electric Football \$2.00

#### NEW SUPER MODELS

☐ Electric Baseball \$3.00

☐ Electric Football \$3.00

#### CASH or C.O.D.

☐ Full payment with order

—no collection

☐ Send \$1 deposit, C.O.D.

Postage collect before

All Games Postpaid

act fast

The world's  
No. 1 Gift

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# BLACKHAWK



**J**UGARIA... LAND OF MAJESTY AND MURDER... OF HISTORY AND HUNGER! RAVAGED BY FAMINE AND THE AFTERMATH OF WAR, LIFE HANGS BY THE SLENDER THREAD OF AMERICAN RELIEF SUPPLIES! NOW A DARK AND SENSELESS BLACK MARKET RING WOULD DESTROY EVEN THAT PITIFUL HOPE... UNTIL THE **BLACKHAWKS**, GALLANT FIGHTERS FOR FREEDOM, REACHED BACK INTO HISTORY TO BECOME GRIM SPECTRES AT...

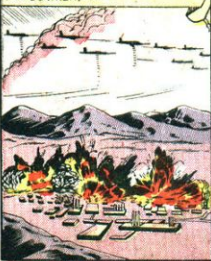
"*The FEAST OF JUGAR!*"



LITTLE JUGARIA, LAST STRONG-  
HOLD OF ABSOLUTE MONARCHY,  
HAS NEVER BEEN A HAPPY  
COUNTRY... BUT THE LATE WAR  
BROUGHT DEEPER  
MISERIES!



BOMBS DESTROYED THE FEW  
FACORIES THAT GAVE HER PEOPLE  
EMPLOYMENT...



"ENEMY TANKS RAVAGED HER  
FERTILE FIELDS!"



"THE BLACK HORSEMAN OF STARVATION RODE  
THROUGH THE LAND!"

FOOD, YOUR EXCELLENCY!  
FOR THE LOVE OF MERCY,  
GIVE US FOOD!

FASTER, ADDO!  
RIDE OVER THE  
SWINE IF THEY  
GET IN OUR WAY!



"BUT FROM ACROSS THE SEA, A GREAT NATION OPENED  
ITS GENEROUS HEART!"

DON'T CROWD, FOLKS!  
THERE'S ENOUGH FOR  
EVERYONE! BRING  
THE BABIES UP HERE  
FIRST!



I'M AFRAID THAT'S THE  
LAST DROP OF SOUP,  
MISS JONES!

THERE'S PLENTY OF SOUP,  
COUNTESS SULANA! THE  
BOYS WILL HAVE MORE  
CASES OPEN IN JUST A  
MOMENT! NOBODY  
WILL GO  
HUNGRY!



WHERE'S  
THE NEW  
SOUP  
SUPPLY,  
JED?

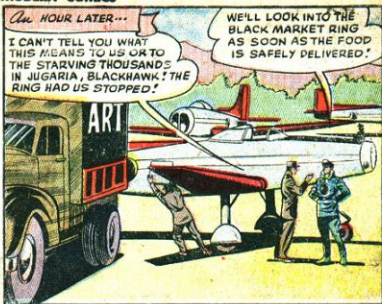
I'M AFRAID THERE ISN'T ANY, BETTY!  
YOU'D BETTER COME BACK AND  
HAVE A LOOK AT OUR NEW  
SHIPMENT...



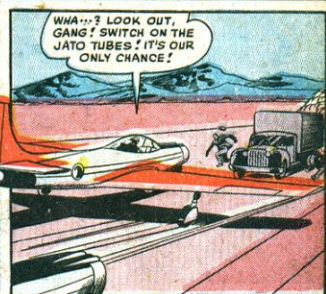
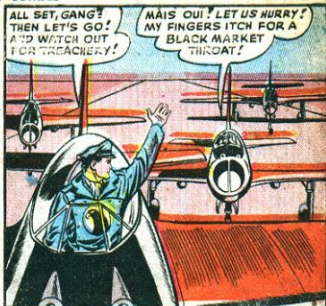
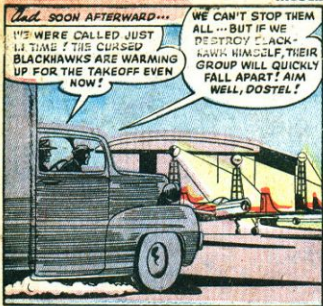






















A FEW MINUTES LATER ...

WE HAVE SUCCEEDED BEYOND OUR HOPE, EXCELLENCY! WE HAVE NOT ONLY THE FOOD BUT THE BLACKHAWKS WHO TRIED TO GUARD IT!

SPLENDID! THEY CAN DIE SECRETLY AND THE WORLD WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT BECAME OF THEM!



I HAVE AN IDEA, YOUR HIGHNESS! THEIR EXECUTION CAN BE THE MAIN EVENT AT THE FEAST OF JUGAR!

AN EXCELLENT PLAN, JUGAR! WHEN MY FAMILY RULED JUGARIA, WE OFTEN ENTERTAINED THE PEASANTS WITH EXECUTIONS!



I MAY BE MISTAKEN, BUT I THOUGHT JUGARIA HAD GONE DEMOCRATIC AND WAS PREPARING TO ELECT A PRESIDENT!

HO-HO! THERE ARE POOR, DELUDED FOOLS EVERYWHERE IN OUR OWN COUNTRY WHO BELIEVE THAT!

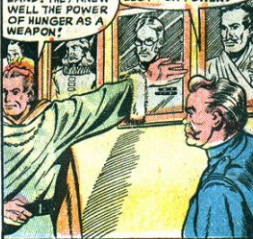


WE LET THEM STARVE WHILE THEY PLAY AT DEMOCRACY! NEXT WEEK, AT THE FEAST OF JUGAR, THEY WILL BE GLAD TO EXCHANGE FREEDOM FOR FULL BELLIES!



FROM EARLIEST HISTORY, A JUGAR HAS BEEN PRIME MINISTER OF THE LAND! THEY KNEW WELL THE POWER OF HUNGER AS A WEAPON!

HIMMEL! VOT KIND OF BEAST WOULD STARVE THOUSANDS TO SATISFY HIS OWN LUST FOR POWER!



I GET IT! YOU FIGURE STARVATION KILLS OFF THE WEAK AND MAKES THE STRONG MORE WILLING TO SELL OUT TO YOUR CROWD!

OF COURSE! OF WHAT OTHER USE ARE THE PEASANTS BUT TO PAY AND DIE? AND THOSE WITH NOTHING TO PAY CAN ONLY DIE!



THEN YOU STOLE THE RELIEF FOOD---NOT FOR THE BLACK MARKET BUT FOR SOME MAD FEAST OF YOUR OWN?

THE FEAST OF JUGAR WAS A CREATION OF MY ANCESTOR, BLACK JUGAR! I AM REVIVING IT---AS WE REVIVE ALL THE EVIDENCES OF JUGARIA'S PAST GLORY!

















TAKE MACHINE GUNNERS TO THE DUNGEON, BRUTA! MACHINE GUN THEM THROUGH THE BARS! TAKE NO CHANCES AND MAKE SURE ALL ARE DEAD!

AT ONCE, EXCELLENCY... AND WITH PLEASURE!

KEEP CALLING, CHUCK! MY VOICE IS ABOUT WORN OUT!

OKAY, BLACKHAWK... BUT I'M AFRAID IT'S A WASTED EFFORT! EVEN IF SOMEONE HEARS, WHAT COULD THEY DO?

ANSWER IF YOU HEAR THIS! ANYONE WHO HEARS THIS... ANSWER!

STAY HERE! WE MUST HAVE FOOD OR DIE AND THERE MAY BE A MORSEL IN THE PLANES OF THE BLACKHAWKS!

DOES ANYONE HEAR THIS? LIFT THE MICROPHONE AND ANSWER! YOUR LIVES DEPEND UPON IT!

WHA...? A VOICE! I'D BETTER RUN! IF JUGAR'S MEN FOUND ME HERE THEY WOULD KILL ME...

I'LL TAKE IT AGAIN! MAYBE WE NEED A STRONGER APPEAL!

FOOD! TONS AND TONS OF FOOD! ANSWER AND WE'LL TELL YOU WHERE!

THERE IS FOOD FOR EVERYONE, FREE! ONLY ANSWER THIS CALL!

FOOD! IT IS A TRICK... BUT MY BABY IS STARVING!

COME ALONG! WE'LL STAND BACK FOR SAFETY AND FIRE UNTIL ALL ARE RIDDLED!

DON'T WORRY! WE TAKE NO CHANCES WITH THOSE BLACKHAWKS! LET'S GO QUICKLY!



JUST LIFT THE MOUTHPIECE HANGING ON THE INSTRUMENT PANEL! LIFT IT AND SPEAK SO WE'LL KNOW YOU HEAR US!



FOOD FOR MY WIFE AND BABY! I WILL SPEAK! I'D DIE IF THEY COULD LIVE!

I HEAR YOU! WHO IS IT? THIS IS BLACKHAWK! LISTEN... THE STOLEN FOOD IS IN JUGAR'S CASTLE! THERE IS ENOUGH FOR EVERYONE AND TO SPARE! HE STOLE IT!

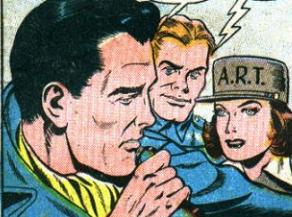


IT IS A TRICK! IT MUST BE! YOU ARE LYING TO TRAP ME! HAVE THE BLACK-HAWKS EVER LIED? JUGAR IS YOUR ENEMY! HE WANTS TO STARVE YOU INTO SLAVERY! HE STOLE ALL YOUR FOOD!



GET ALL THE PEOPLE AT ONCE! COME TO THE CASTLE AND FORCE YOUR WAY IN! THE FOOD IS HERE, WAITING! YOU HAVE BLACKHAWK'S WORD!

WE WILL COME! FOOD... FOOD...



FOOD! ALL OUR STOLEN FOOD IS IN THE CASTLE! GET CLUBS AND ROCKS! BLACKHAWK IS WAITING THERE WITH OUR FOOD!

JUGAR LET US STARVE WHILE HE HAD FOOD! KILL JUGAR! DOWN WITH ROYALTY!



HE'S GONE! WE CAN ONLY HOPE HE'LL GET HERE WITH A MOB AND GET HERE FAST!

YUMPIN' YUPITER, BLACKHAWK! FAST BAN NOT FAST ENOUGH! OUR TIME YUST RAN OUT!

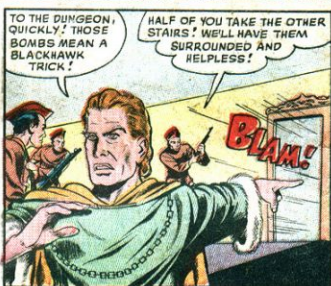


IT IS NICE THEY ARE LINED UP AND WAITING! FIRE AT WILL... ONLY MAKE SURE NOT ONE ESCAPES!

GET BACK, EVERYBODY... BACK TO THE FAR END OF THE CELL!









# EZRA

SEE, EZRA!  
THIS SHOULD  
PROVE CLOTHES  
DON'T MAKE  
THE MAN!

THEY MAY NOT  
MAKE THE  
MAN, BUT THEY  
SURE CAN  
BREAK  
HIM!



I THINK IT WOULD  
BE MEAN OF YOU  
NOT TO INVITE  
EZRA TO YOUR  
PRE-VACATION  
PARTY!

ER... YOU SEE,  
MYRNA, I JUST  
DIDN'T WANT EZRA  
TO FEEL OUT OF  
PLACE! IT'S GOING  
TO BE A PLUSH  
AFFAIR!

... AND MY GUESTS  
WILL BE FORMALLY  
DRESSED! I DOUBT  
IF EZRA OWNS A  
TUXEDO!

HI, MYRNA! WHAT'S  
THIS BEEF ABOUT  
EZRA, DILSBURY?

















A few minutes later...

I'LL GET DRESSED FIRST! WE CAN PICK UP MYRNA FROM YOUR HOUSE!

SAY! THAT BOY ISN'T FROM MOE'S!

THAT DOUBLE-CROSSING DILSBURY SWITCHED BOXES! I'M GOING TO CALL HIM!

WAIT, EZ!

LISTEN, DILSBURY! I WANT MY TUXEDO BACK AND PRONTO!

FIRST THING IN THE MORNING, EZRA! I DON'T REMEMBER WHERE I PUT IT!



IT'S NO USE, ROLLO! DILSBURY OUTSMARTED US! I'LL HAVE TO LET MYRNA KNOW!

THERE'S SOMETHING I MEANT TO... OOPS! THE PHONE!



SNIFF! I'M SORRY, EZRA, BUT I WON'T BE ABLE TO GO TO THE PARTY WITH YOU! SNIFF!



HUH? HOW COME?



THAT AWFUL DEAN DILSBURY SENT ME A ROSE CORSAGE, WHEN HE SHOULD KNOW I'M ALLERGIC TO ROSES! I'M A MESS!

DEAN OUTSMARTED HIMSELF! I DISTINCTLY TOLD HIM NOT TO SEND ROSES, BUT HE FIGURED I WAS BLUFFING SO YOU COULD SEND HER SOME! HE SAID YOU WEREN'T GOING TO BEAT HIS TIME!



Soon...

IT WAS SWEET OF YOU TO STAY HOME WITH ME, EZRA!



YES, JONES, WE WON'T FORGET THIS!

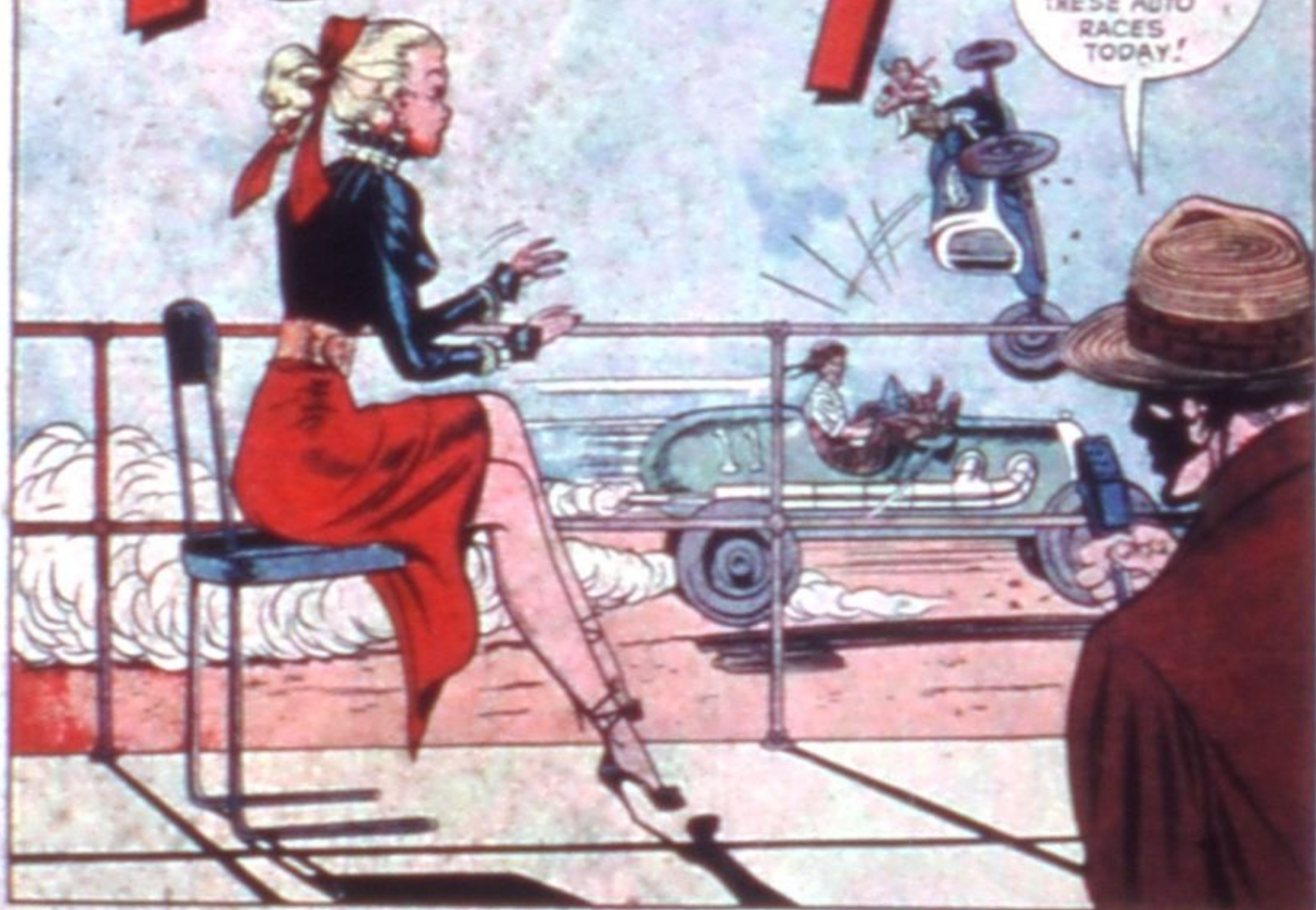
IT'S WONDERFUL WHAT BRAINS CAN ACCOMPLISH... ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY'RE ROLLO'S!





# Torchy

FOR SOME  
STRANGE  
REASON  
THERE ARE  
MORE CRASHES  
THAN USUAL AT  
THESE AUTO  
RACES  
TODAY!



WE GOTTA WIN THE  
AUTO RACE THIS  
AFTERNOON! I PUT  
FIFTY GRAND ON  
MY CAR!

DON'T WORRY,  
BOSS! YOU  
KNOW I'M THE  
BEST DRIVER  
IN THE BUSINESS!

YEAH! BUT YOU  
STILL COULD LOSE!  
I GOTTA MAKE SURE  
OF THIS!





NO! NO! YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO KEEP YOUR FOOT ON THE CLUTCH ALL THE TIME!

BUT IT'S SO REST-FUL!

LOOK OUT! YOU'LL HIT SOMEBODY!

WELL, MY GOODNESS! I SHOULD THINK I HAVE AS MUCH RIGHT TO THE ROAD AS HE HAS!

HEY, WHAT ARE YOU GAWKING AT? WANNA GET US KILLED?

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL WAY TO DIE!

WHEW! WHAT A DISH! SHE'S TYING UP TRAFFIC!

SIGH

I'VE GOT IT! I KNOW HOW TO MAKE SURE WE WIN THE RACE! I'LL GET THAT DOLL TO DRIVE THE OTHER RACING CAR I'VE GOT ENTERED!

HUH?

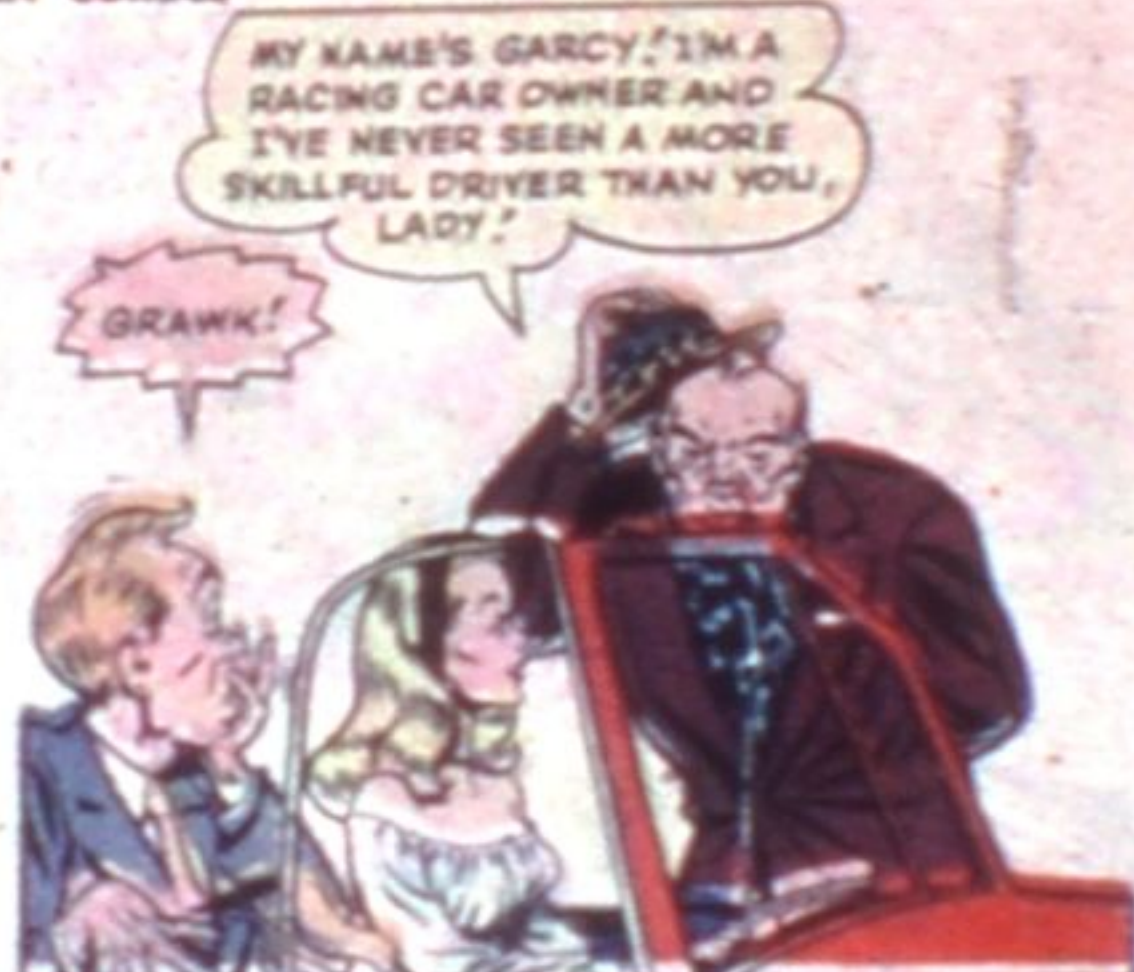
WITH HER ON THE TRACK, ALL THE OTHER DRIVERS'LL BE BUSY LOOKING AT HER! YOU KEEP YOUR EYES OFF HER AND YOU CAN BREEZE IN!

IT WON'T BE EASY BUT I'LL DO IT!

IT'S NO USE, MISS TODD! I'M AFRAID YOU'LL NEVER LEARN TO DRIVE!

BUT I THOUGHT I WAS DOING BEAUTIFULLY!







DON'T FORGET TO BUY MY SPECIAL SPEED PILLS TODAY, BOYS, IF YOU WANT TO WIN THE RACE!

IT'S OLD MAN BOSE WITH HIS PROXY PILLS AGAIN! BEAT IT, BOSE!



BUT THIS TIME IT'S THE MCCOY, FELLERS! PUT IT IN YOUR GAS TANK AND IN TEN MINUTES IT GOES TO WORK! IT MAKES YOUR CAR MOVE LIKE A JET PLANE!

NUTS! WE AREN'T FALING FOR THAT AGAIN!



SUCH SCEPTICISM! I'LL HAVE TO FIND SOMEONE NEW AT THE GAME! AH---THAT LITTLE LADY--- I DON'T REMEMBER SEEING HER AROUND HERE BEFORE!



...AND ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS PUT THE PILLS IN THE GAS TANK! IT'S DIRT CHEAP AT FIVE BUCKS!

IT SOUNDS WONDERFUL! I MUST TRY IT!



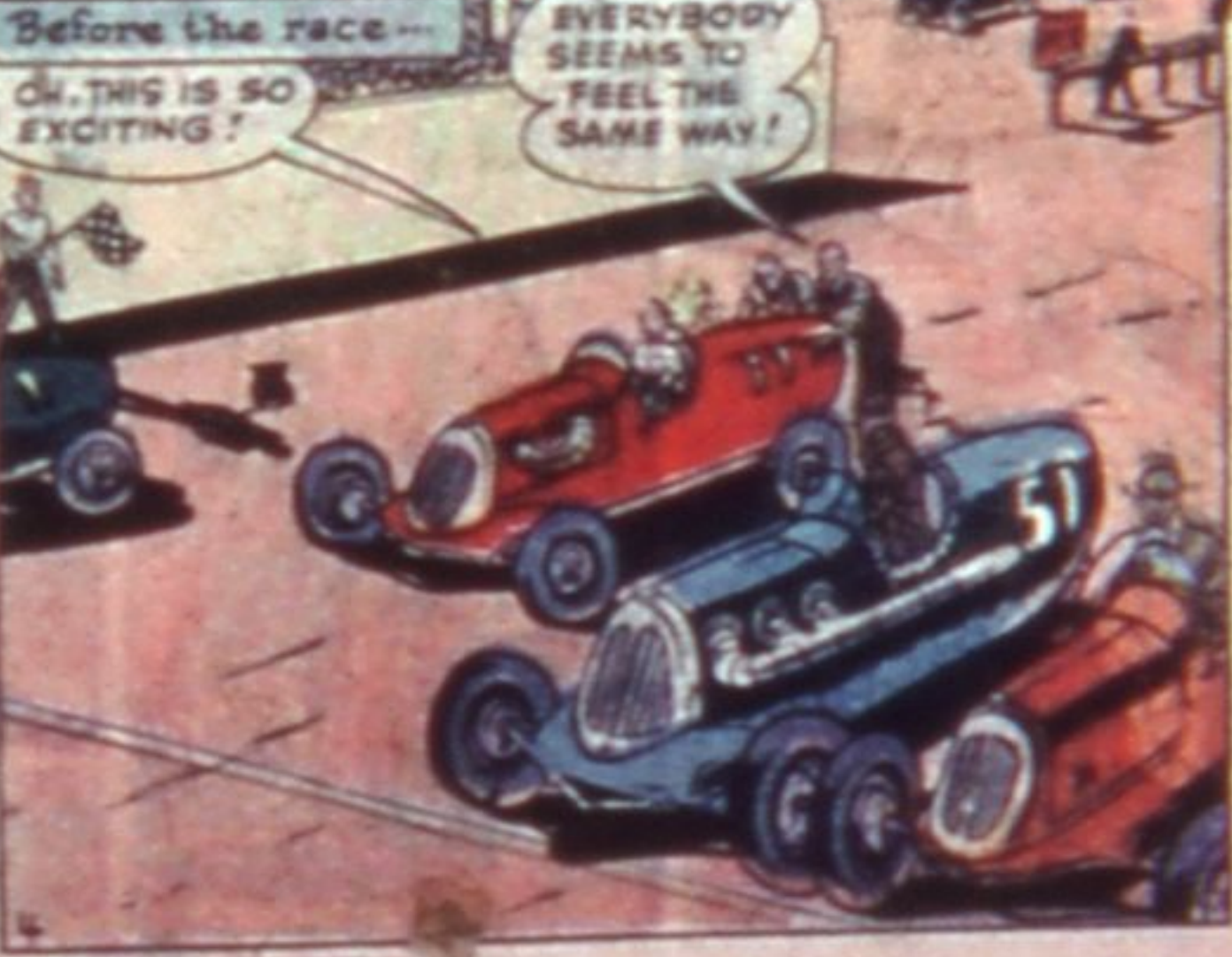
THERE! THE RACE IS AS GOOD AS WON!

HOW MARVELOUS!

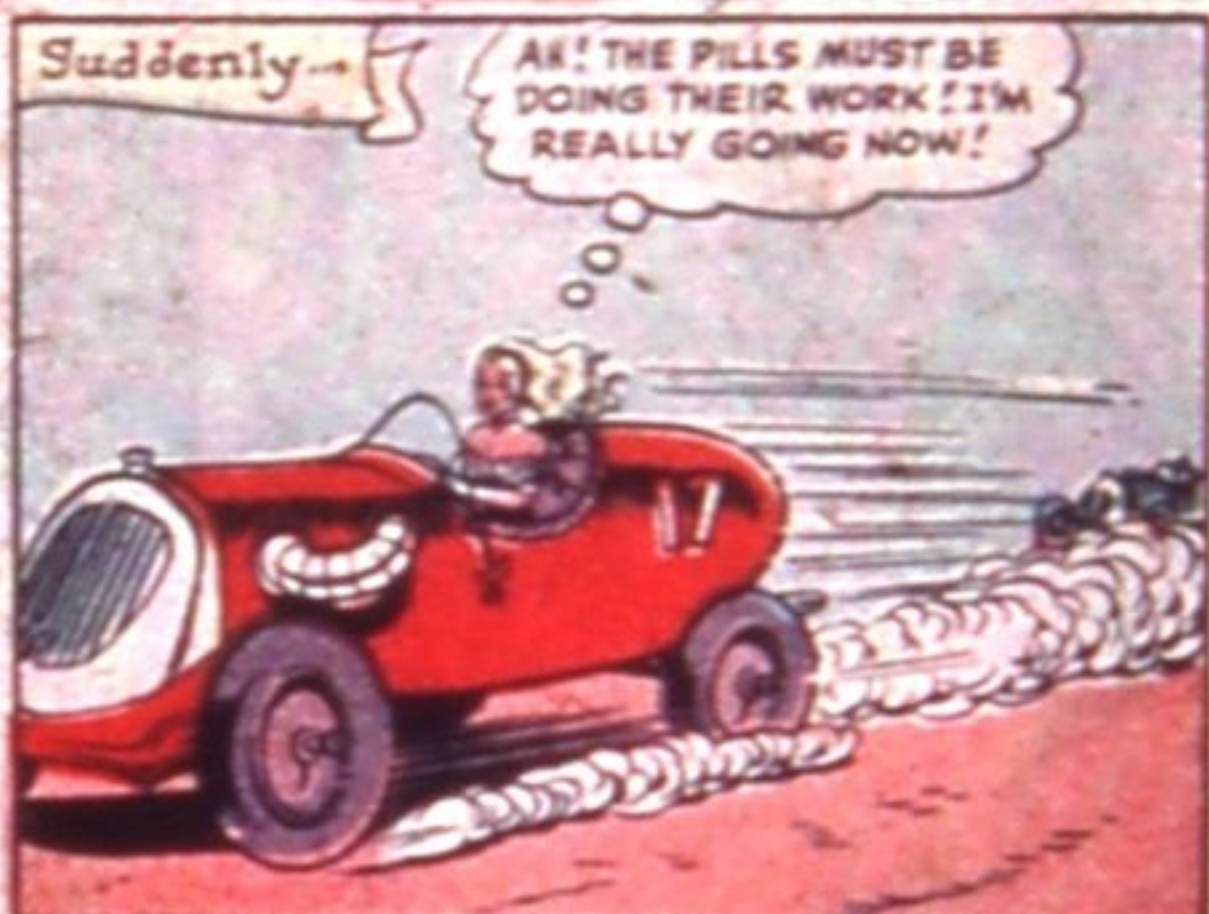
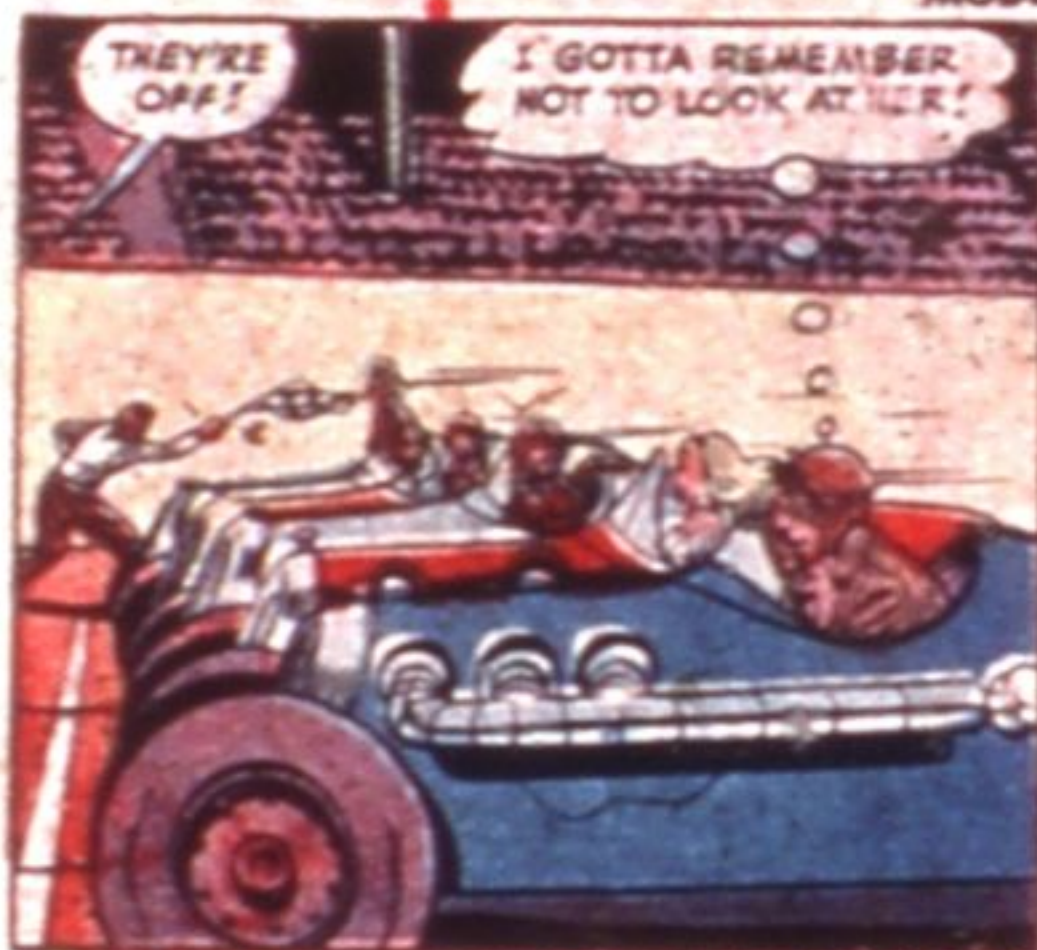
Before the race...

OH, THIS IS SO EXCITING!

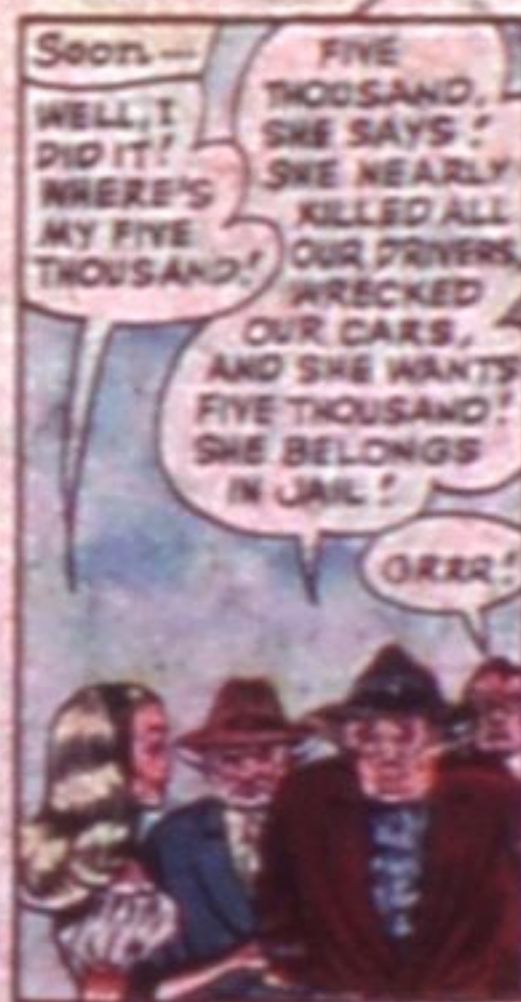
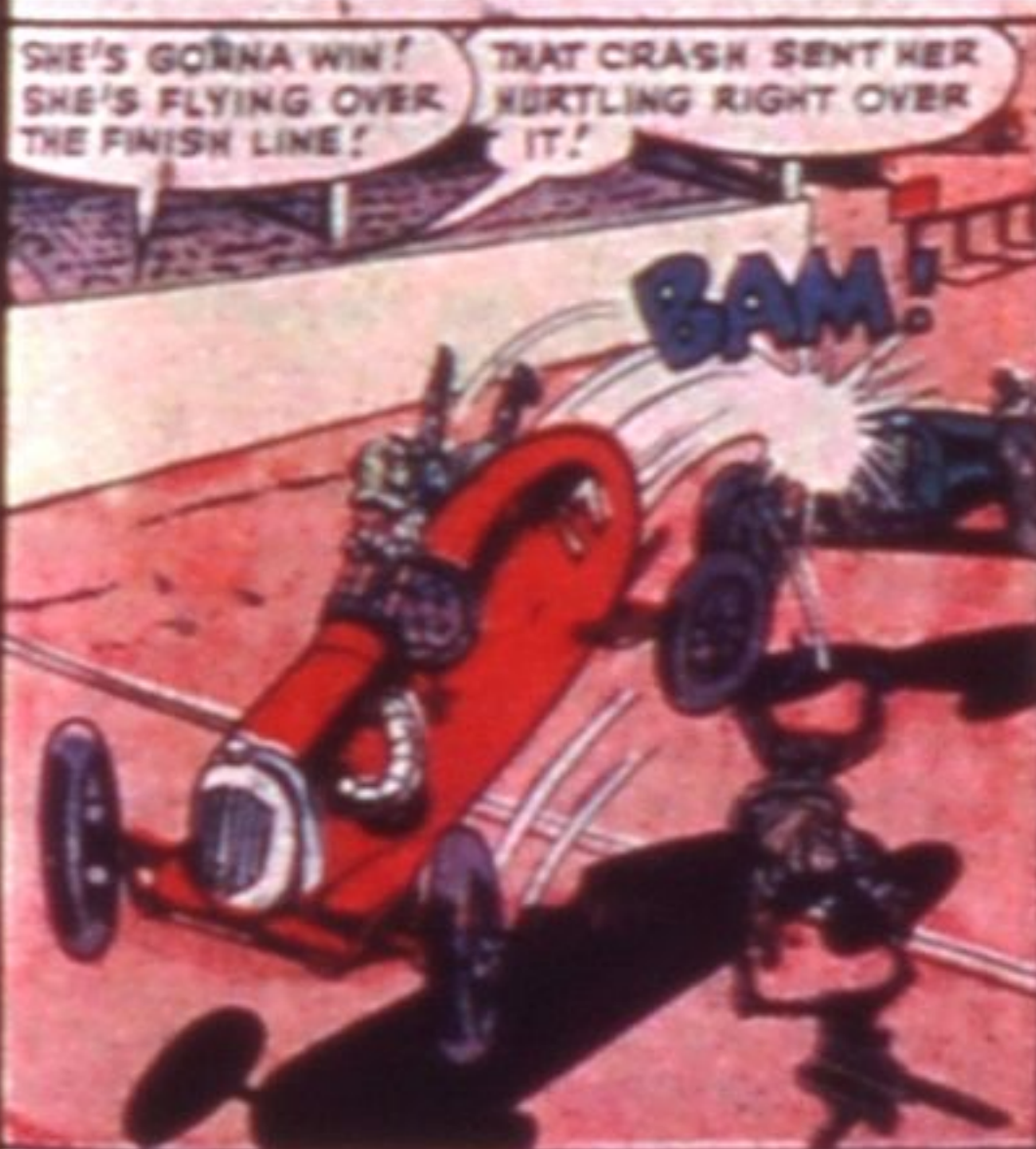
EVERYBODY SEEMS TO FEEL THE SAME WAY!















# TREE OF EVIL

**B**LACKHAWK chopped through the last fringe of jungle and came out on a narrow, empty beach, unmarked by a human footprint. He looked at his watch and scowled. "The others should have been here first," he muttered. "I took the longest way across the island."

The Blackhawks had landed at dawn, running down a rumor that Herr Doktor Rouse, fugitive Nazi scientist, had fled here with the downfall of Hitler's empire of evil. They had split up to search the island and meet here on the opposite side. Blackhawk had finished his search without success, but where were the others?

Abruptly he loosened his automatic in its holster, gripped his machete and plunged back into the lush tangle. "They've run into trouble of some kind. I've got to find them."

Almost at once he stumbled onto an ancient trail. With the sharp instinct of danger twitching his nerves, Blackhawk plunged down this vine-choked path. He had not traveled far when he heard the faint, muffled sound of voices shouting. He broke into a run. A moment later he could make out the voices of the individual Blackhawks shouting, "Help! Blackhawk, help us!"

Gripping his pistol and machete, Blackhawk raced along the old trail and burst out into a clearing. He halted, frozen, gaping at the incredible sight that met his gaze.

A lone tree stood in the center of the clearing, a weird and nightmarish travesty on Nature. Its thick trunk rose some twenty feet, covered with smooth bark that resembled skin. From its abrupt top coiled a mass of tentacle-like branches—and like the arms of an octopus, these branches clutched the members of the Blackhawk band and held them high in the air.

"Blackhawk," yelled Olaf. "Yumping Yudas, don't come any closer. Ve walked up to examine das tree and yust like a devil fish, it got us."

"It's half animal," panted Chuck. "It keeps trying to ram us down a kind of throat up here on top but there's something caught in there that prevents it."

"Bling an axe," yelled Chop Chop. "Bling dynamite."

After the first shocked paralysis, Blackhawk's cool mind began to function again. "Take it easy, gang. I'll get you loose, somehow. Is its grip too strong to break?"

"Oui," said Andre. "Eet ees strong like a booil."

Blackhawk stabbed the point of his machete into the ground and swiftly shucked the clip of shells from his automatic. From an inner pocket he took a fresh clip, a special clip of dum-dum bullets whose soft, explosive noses mushroomed into vicious destruction upon impact. The automatic loaded, he aimed carefully at one of the thick roots of the tree, protruding from the rich jungle earth.

The gun bucked and flamed, sending crashing echoes around the clearing. A root jumped and splintered. Walking around the edge of the clearing, Blackhawk fired again and again. As the last fat root dissolved into chips, the weird tree gave a convulsive shiver and suddenly all the coiled limbs went limp. Down came the released Blackhawks, like apples shaken down in a wind.

"Ooof," grunted Hendrickson. "Dot yaa a narrow escape, ja? I t'ought you ver crary, shooting at der roots, Blackhawk, but it vorked."

"The way to destroy any evil," Blackhawk said soberly, "is to cut its roots. Give me a boost up, gang. I want to look at this monster's throat."

A moment later he slid down, his face set. "There's a shack beyond the clearing. Let's have a look."

Inside the shack was an elaborate plant laboratory but everything was covered with thick dust and rows of potted plants were shriveled and dead. Stanislaus shook his head. "It's Rouse's lab, all right, and he was apparently creating man-eating plants for some sinister scheme. I wonder where he went or if he'll be back."

"I doubt it," Blackhawk said quietly. "I think Herr Doktor Rouse has created his last monster. It was a human skeleton choking the throat of that tree. Shall we head back for Blackhawk Island?"



# Will B GGA









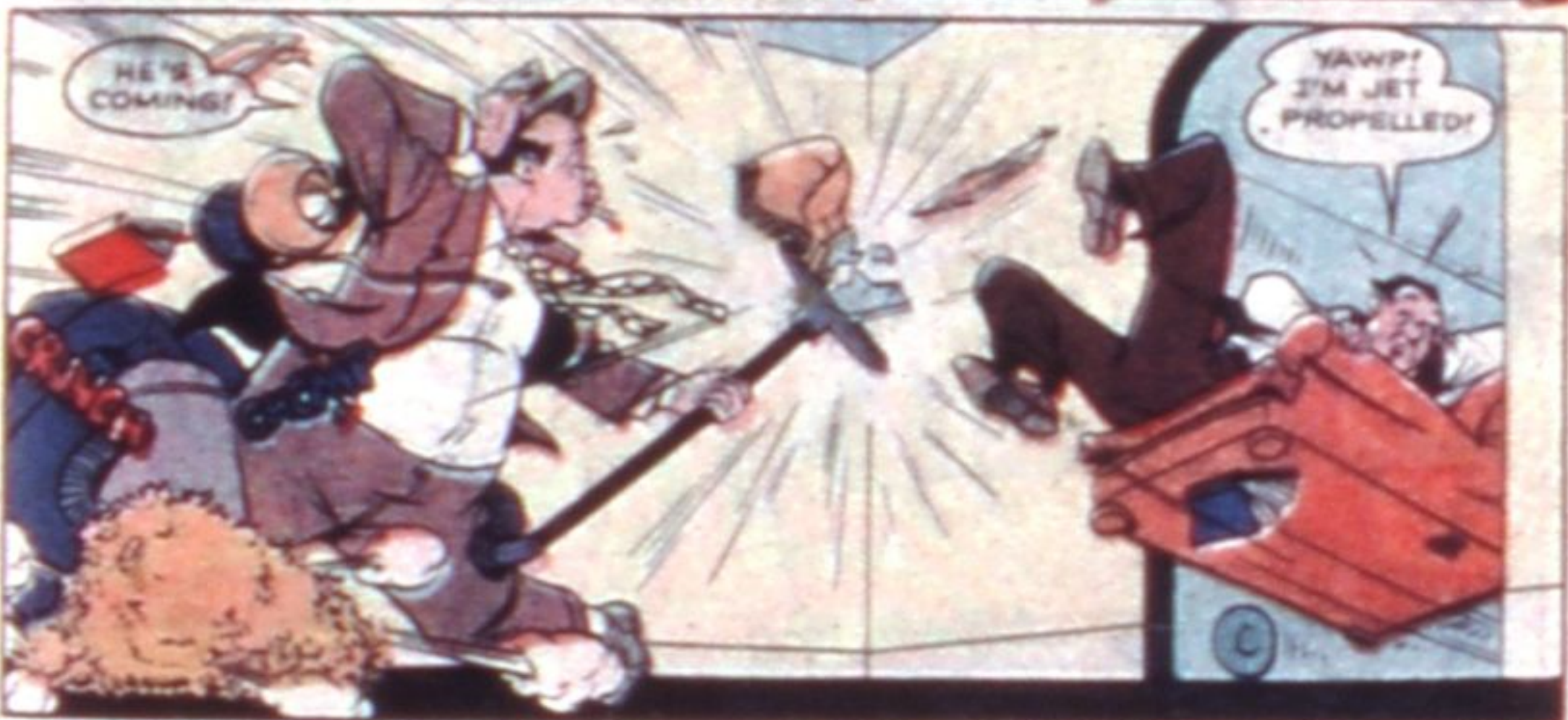


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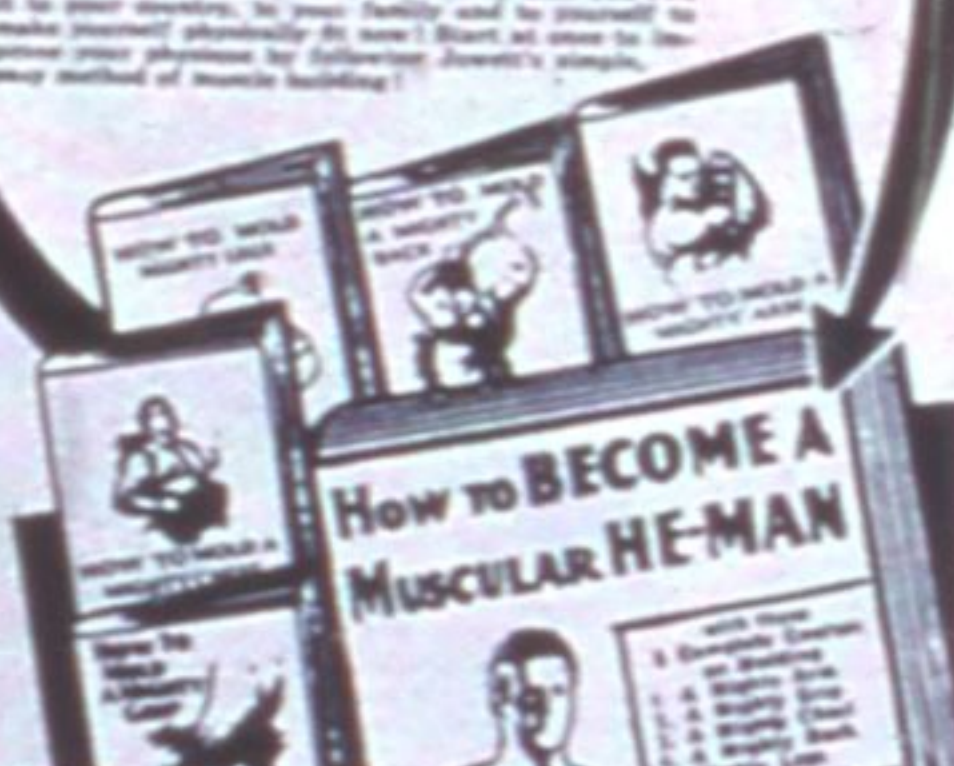
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*Charles Atlas*

Actual Photograph of the man who holds the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

**G**IVE ME a skinny, pepless, second-rate body—and I'll cram it so full of handsome, bulging new muscle that your friends will grow bug-eyed! . . . I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll feel and look different! You'll begin to **LIVE!**



## Let Me Make YOU a NEW MAN —IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY!

You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "Skinny." Car's snickered and made fun of me behind my back. I was a flop. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

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When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astounded at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your screwy, shabby muscles begin to swell, ripple . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

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As I've pictured up above, I'm steadily building broad-shouldered, dynamic MEN—day by day—the country over.

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